



# CRACK COMICS

10¢

AUGUST  
No. 30



**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**  
*INTRODUCES HIS NEW ASSISTANT*  
**BIFF**

ALEX KOTZKY





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# CAPTAIN TRIUMPH

THIS IS A LETTER  
FROM LANCE GALLANT  
TO KIM MERIDETH...  
RELATING THE  
ADVENTURE OF  
CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH  
AND THE MEN  
WHO KNEW  
TOO MUCH!

WINTER WONDERLAND  
ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND  
*California's Leading Mountain Resort*

Dear Kim:

You're the only person who knows my strange secret - that when the spirit of my dead twin brother, Michael, combines with my physical body, we form the mighty Captain Triumph!

As you know, I came out here for a rest and I hadn't been here a day before I became involved in the strangest experience ever.

It concerned an onyx ring, a question of people only twelve inches high, and... well, to begin with, a clown who wept large tears because he was losing his job - -----



HEY WHAT'S THIS, BIFF? TEARS AREN'T FOR CLOWNS - YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH!

LO, MR GALLANT! YEAH LAUGH! - IT AIN'T FUNNY-UN- LESS I HAVE A NEW ACT T' PUT ON T'NIGHT, I'M FIRED!



HMM, PERHAPS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH CAN HELP HIM OUT!

LET'S SEE - MAYBE WE CAN DRUM SOMETHING UP!

IT'S NO USE! I GO ON IN EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES - WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO REHEARSE ANYTHING!



GO ON VEAH BUT BY STAGE NOW MY AUNT MATILDA'S - HAVE YOU GOT IT? SEE HOW IT'S GONNA STRAIGHT WORK! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!



"... going behind a curtain, I rubbed my magic birchmark, and Michael's spirit combined with my body to form ...  
**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**"



"... while on the stage..."

LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN! WATCH CLOSELY! USING MY POWERS OF MAGIC, I'M GONNA THROW THIS VIOLIN IN THE AIR AN' MAKE IT STAY SUSPENDED THERE! THEN I'M GONNA PLAY IT!



"...Meanwhile, TRIUMPH had become invisible, and as Biff threw the violin in the air, TRIUMPH caught it..."



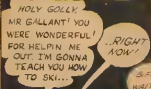
BY MY AUNT  
BETSY'S BUNIONS  
IT'S WORKING!



GOLLY! I'VE GOT THE  
GHOST OF NERO FIDDLING IN  
MY ACT - AND IS THE MANAGER  
BURNING!



"...Biff's act went over big!  
Later, when I had become  
Lance again, Biff said..."



I USED TO BE  
CHAMPION SKIER  
IN HIBERNIA COUNTY!  
I'LL SHOW YOU SOME  
RIGHT SMART TRICKS!



-BUT  
I'VE  
BEEN  
TRYING  
TO TELL  
YOU  
BIFF

THINK NOTHING  
OF IT! ONE GOOD  
TURN DESERVES  
ANOTHER! WATCH  
ME AN' DO JUST  
LIKE I DO!





THAT ISN'T A TURKEY  
YOU'RE CARVING! HE'S  
A FRIEND OF MINE, THANK  
AMBASSADOR VAN MARK! GOODNESS

CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH!



LET THE LITTLE MICE  
RUN- I'LL GET THEM LATER!  
ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR  
YOUR FATHER, PEGGY?

HE'S VERY  
WEAK- HE'S  
DYING!



NOT THE ONE WITH  
THE CANE, TRIUMPH! HE'S  
ERIC PETERS, MY  
FATHER'S AIDE!

ANYTHING  
TO OBLIGE,  
PEGGY!

WHAM!

SMACK!

CRACK!

POP!

SOCK!



CAPTAIN TRIUMPH  
HIS MAJESTY-IS IN-GREAT  
DANGER... ZERO- THE MAN  
WHO STABBED ME - IS  
TRYING TO - AGHH  
OWH...

DIRTY MURDERERS!  
I'LL RUN THEM  
DOWN PEGGY  
THEY'LL PAY FOR  
THIS!

DAD!



BE  
BRAVE,  
PEGGY!

BOYOHBOY! THAT SURE WAS  
SOME FIGHTING, MISTER! DID YOU  
TAKE APOLLO'S MUSCLE BUILDING  
COURSE, TOO? THAT'S WHAT  
I DID!



"Later, not knowing TRIUMPH and I were the  
same person, Biff told me all about it..."

BOY WHERE DID YOU GO? YOU  
SURE MISSED IT! THIS CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH PACKS A WALLOP  
STRONGER THAN MY AUNT  
SOPHIE!

YES, I GUESS  
I MISSED IT.  
ALL RIGHT!







CALL FOR  
CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH!  
MISS PEGGY  
VAN MARK  
PAGING CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH!

W-W-GULPY  
TRIUMPH!  
TH-TH-THAT'S  
TH' GUY I WAS  
TALKIN'  
ABOUT!



BIFF - WHO'S  
THAT COMING IN  
THE DOOR?

WHERE?



"While Biff's attention was  
distracted, I became TRIUMPH  
- Someone must have seen me!"

I DON'T SEE ANY -  
HEY! SHADES OF MY AUNT  
JEBIDIAH - HE'S GONE!  
- AND HOW DID YOU GET  
HERE, TRIUMPH?

EXCUSE ME -  
I'VE GOT TO SEE  
PEGGY VAN  
MARK!



HELLO  
YOU  
WANTED  
TO SEE ME?

THANK YOU  
FOR COMING  
IT'S ABOUT  
HIS MAJESTY  
- WHOEVER HE IS HE  
MUST BE TERRIBLY  
IMPORTANT TO  
THE WORLD



BUT YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOUR  
FATHER CAME HERE  
FOR - OR WHO THIS  
MYSTERIOUS PERSON  
- HIS MAJESTY -  
IS?

NO! BUT  
DAD GAVE  
ME THIS  
RING - IT  
MIGHTY PERSON HAS SOME  
THING TO  
DO WITH HIS  
MAJESTY!



"Suddenly - as Peggy handed me  
the ring, Ambassador Van Mark  
appeared on the window sill - but  
he was only 12 inches high!"

DAD!  
OH, NO!  
IT CAN'T  
BE!

PEANUT, MY DEAR,  
PLEASE TELL THEM  
WHERE HIS MAJESTY IS!  
THEY'RE TORTURING  
ME SO! PLEASE TELL  
THEM, MY PEANUT!

"WHATEVER IT WAS, IT'S GONE! BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKED LIKE YOUR FATHER! WHAT DID HE CALL YOU?"

"PEANUT"- THAT'S WHAT DAD ALWAYS CALLED ME-WHEN WE WERE ALONE!



"... as Lance again, I returned to Biff, with the onyx ring locked in my wallet..."

OH-THERE YOU ARE! WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR SO FAST? HERE'S A NOTE THAT WAS JUST LEFT FOR YOU!

FOR ME?

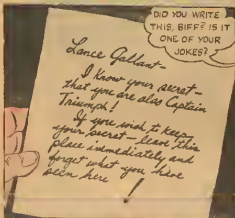


DID YOU WRITE THIS, BIFF? IS IT ONE OF YOUR JOKES?

Lance Gallant-

I know your secret- that you are also Captain Triumph!

If you wish to keep your secret - leave this place immediately and forget what you have seen here!



ME-WRITE IT? NO- THE WAITER BROUGHT IT! IS IT PERSONAL?

VERY! I WONDER WHO SENT IT? I'M GOING TO MY ROOM-SEE YOU LATER, BIFF!

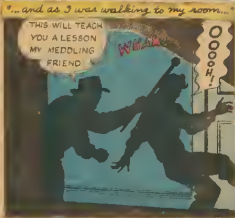


"... and as I was walking to my room..."

THIS WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON MY MEDDLING FRIEND

WHEW!

OOOH!



OWW! THAT WAS SOME CRACK ON THE HEAD! M-M-M- WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A BILLIARD BALL WITH A HOLE IN IT!



*"In my room I studied the metal ball  
and the ring... Michael's spirit appeared!"*

WHERE COULD A  
SECRET BE HIDDEN  
ON A RING? I  
CAN'T SEE A  
THING!

LANCE,  
YOU  
LUS!

MICHAEL!

LOOK AT THE TOP  
OF THE RING THROUGH  
A MICROSCOPE - MAYBE  
YOU'LL LEARN THE ANSWER  
TO THE RIDDLE OF HIS  
MAJESTY!

BIFF! BIFF! LISTEN!  
DIG ME UP A MICROSCOPE  
I DON'T CARE WHERE OR  
HOW - BUT GET ME ONE!

HERE IT IS  
LANCE! I HAD TO  
BRIBE ONE OF TH  
GUESTS FOR IT!  
GONNA COST YOU  
A BOX O' CIGARS!

OKAY,  
OKAY!  
LET ME  
HAVE IT!

WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT,  
LANCE?

AH - HERE  
IT IS!

HIS MAJESTY  
IS AT THE OLD  
COOPER BARN IN  
THE REAR OF  
WINTER  
WONDERLAND.  
LONG LIVE HIS  
MAJESTY!

WHAT'S UP, LANCE?  
YOU - HEY! SOME-  
BODY JUST STUCK  
A LETTER UNDER  
YOUR DOOR!

GET  
IT, BIFF!  
QUICK!



Lance Gallant -  
 You didn't leave  
 Winter Wonderland  
 as I directed. Call  
 this telephone number  
 - Exchange 807 -  
 for further instruc-  
 tions - or suffer  
 the consequences  
 !

WH-WOW!  
 PEANUT! -  
 AND ONLY A  
 FOOT HIGH!  
 WHAT TH-?

PLEASE! THEY'VE  
 KIDNAPPED ME -  
 AND UNLESS YOU DO  
 AS THE NOTE SAYS,  
 THEY'LL KILL ME!  
 PLEASE DO IT!



BY MY  
 AUNT ANNIE'S  
 ANTIMACASSAR!  
 SHE DISAPPEARED!

- BIFF - THERE'S  
 WORK TO BE  
 DONE - BUT  
 FAST! WHERE  
 IN THE RESORT  
 WOULD THE PHONE  
 NUMBER EXCHANGE  
 807 BE LOCATED  
 ?

**SHE'S  
 GONE!**



THERE IT IS  
 LANCE - IT'S  
 THE THIRD  
 BOOTH IN THE  
 HOTEL LOBBY!

AND THAT  
 OVER-DRESSED  
 CHECKERBOARD  
 IS ONE OF  
 THE THUGS WHO  
 ATTACKED VAN  
 MARK! HMM!



HE'S NEVER SEEN ME - I'LL  
 GO INTO THE SECOND BOOTH  
 CALL EXCHANGE 807 - AND SEE  
 IF HE ANSWERS THE  
 CALL...



"...and swirl enough, Kim, the  
 pug in the purple plaid went to  
 answer the ringing phone!"

THIS IS  
 LANCE

LISTEN, GALLANT, IF  
 YOU WANT TO SEE THE  
 VAN MARK DAME ALIVE  
 AGAIN, COME TO THE  
 COOPER BARN RIGHT  
 AWAY!



"...and after he hung up the  
pug made another call..."

WHEW! I  
THOUGHT  
SO A  
TRAP!

LO' ZERO? HE  
FELL F TH' LINE  
TH' POOR FISH!  
YEAH! HE'LL BE  
THERE!

COME ON, BIFF!  
THERE'S TROUBLE  
AT THE COOPER  
BARN! LET'S GO!

WAIT!  
THAT'S A  
HALF-MILE!  
WE BETTER  
GET OUR  
SKIS!

NO TIME  
FOR SKIS!  
WE'LL FLY!  
WATCH

ALL I DO IS  
RUB THIS BIRTH  
MARK ON MY  
LEFT WRIST



"Kim, the look on Biff's face as I rubbed my birth-  
mark and he saw me become CAPTAIN TRIUMPH  
was really something to see!"

UPL!!

BY MY AUNT SOPHIE'S  
SPECTACLES I'M SEEN  
THINGS! YOU'RE ONE  
AN' TH' SAME GUY!

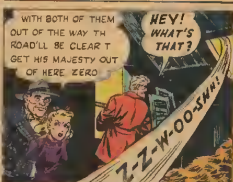
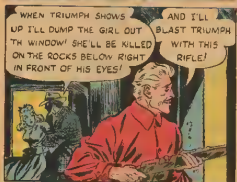
COME ON  
BIFF! WE  
CAN'T WASTE  
TIME!



YOW! WE'RE  
FLYING! MY AUNT  
REGINA'S ROCKING  
CHAIR OUGHTA  
SEE ME NOW!

YES BIFF!  
AND WE'RE  
HEADING  
SMACK FOR  
TROUBLE!







"But as I stepped forward, I suddenly heard a voice behind me!..."

GO AHEAD, PINCH!  
PUSH HER OUT THE  
WINDOW! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF TRIUMPH!

WHAT-P  
SOMEBODY  
ELSE-P

THAT VOICE!  
BUT THERE'S NO ONE  
HERE! I GET IT: ZERO'S  
A VENTRILOQUIST! THAT  
EXPLAINS A LOT OF  
THINGS!

TRIUMPH!  
GET ZERO!  
HE'S AFTER  
HIS MAJESTY!

BIFF! YOU'RE JUST  
IN TIME TAKE CARE OF  
THIS FANCY-PANTS! I'M  
GOING AFTER ZERO!

IT'S A  
PLEASURE!

TRIUMPH SAYS  
TAKE CARE OF YOU  
-AN I ALWAYS  
FOLLOWS ORDERS!

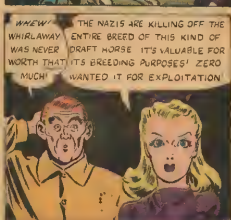
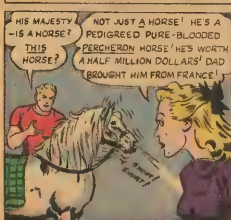
CRASH!  
WHAM!

OH, BIFF. HE WENT SMASHING  
THROUGH THE SIDE OF THIS OLD  
BARN! HE WAS KILLED ON  
THOSE ROCKS. JUST LIKE  
HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!

THEN I  
SAYS "AMEN"  
T' THAT!

"Meanwhile, I swooped down on Zero, who  
was riding away on a big white horse..."

END OF  
THE LINE,  
ZERO!



SO THAT'S WHY THEY ATTACKED YOUR FATHER-TO FIND WHERE HE WAS KEEPING IT!

BEFORE THE WAR, AMERICA IMPORTED PERCHERON HORSES FROM EUROPE! NOW IT WILL BE OUR JOB TO KEEP THE BREED ALIVE-SO WE CAN EXPORT THEM TO EUROPE AFTER THE WAR!



WHEN THEY KIDNAPPED ME, I HEARD ZERO AND PINCH TALKING-THAT'S WHEN I LEARNED HIS MAJESTY IS A HORSE!

GO GET SOME SLEEP, PEANUT! THE AUTHORITIES WILL LOOK AFTER HIS MAJESTY FOR YOU-I HAVE A LITTLE MATTER TO TAKE CARE OF!



PETERS I OWE YOU SOME THING FOR THE SOCK ON THE HEAD YOU GAVE ME EARLIER THIS EVENING! THIS KNOB IS FROM YOUR CANE

YOU'RE CRAZY!



YOU WERE ZERO'S CONTACT MAN! AND YOU THREATENED TO EXPOSE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S SECRET!

I'LL GET A COP!



YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT PEGGY'S FATHER CALLED HER "PEANUT"! AND WHEN THE AMBASSADOR'S FIGURE CAME TO THE WINDOW-EVEN THOUGH HE WAS DEAD-HE CALLED PEGGY "PEANUT"!



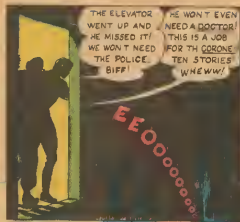
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

LOOK OUT!

DON'T OPEN THAT GATE!







THE ELEVATOR  
WENT UP AND  
HE MISSED IT!  
WE WON'T NEED  
THE POLICE.  
BIFF!

HE WON'T EVEN  
NEED A DOCTOR!  
THIS IS A JOB  
FOR TH CORONE  
TEN STORIES  
WHHEWW!



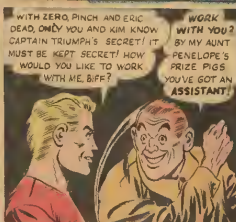
... THAT SOLVES EVERYTHING  
BUT THE FIGURE OF PEANUT  
I SAW ON YOUR WINDOW-SILL!

COME WITH ME,  
TO THE ROOF OF  
THE HOTEL!



I FIGURED WE'D FIND THESE  
HERE! THEY'RE MARIONETTES  
WHICH ZERO DANGLED TO THE  
WINDOW! HE WAS A VENTRILOQUIST  
AND COULD MAKE THEM SPEAK! HE  
DID IT TO FRIGHTEN PEANUT  
AND ME!

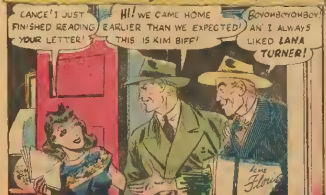
HE WAS  
CLEVER - BUT  
NOT CLEVER  
ENOUGH FOR  
YOU, TRIUMPH!



WITH ZERO, PINCH AND ERIC  
DEAD, ONLY YOU AND KIM KNOW  
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S SECRET! IT  
MUST BE KEPT SECRET! HOW  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK  
WITH ME, BIFF?

WORK  
WITH YOU?  
BY MY AUNT  
PENELOPE'S  
PRIZE PIGS  
YOU'VE GOT AN  
ASSISTANT!

"...and so, Kim, I have a new assistant, and I'm bringing  
him home with me! See you soon! As ever, Lance."



LANCE! I JUST  
FINISHED READING  
YOUR LETTER!

HI! WE CAME HOME  
EARLIER THAN WE EXPECTED!  
THIS IS KIM BIFF!

BOYOHBOYOHBOY!  
AN I ALWAYS  
LIKED LANCE  
TURNER!

THIS IS HAPPEN FAST  
FIND AND RIOUS  
FIND ANOTHER  
FIND NO STORY OF  
CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH.  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF  
CRACK  
COMICS.

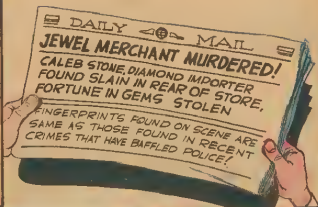


# The CLOCK

by  
GEORGE  
BRENNER



TICK....TOCK....TICK....THE MOMENTS FLY....  
HIS FIRST STEP TOWARD CRIME WAS HIS FIRST STEP TOWARD JUDGMENT...  
FOR, STEADY AS TRUTH, RELENTLESS AS JUSTICE, AS SURE AS  
FATE.... **THE CLOCK STRIKES FOR LAW AND ORDER!**  
ANOTHER MIGHTY MOMENT IN THE CAREER OF THE CARELESS-SEEMING  
SOCIALITE, WHO AIDED BY DYNAMIC LITTLE BUTCH, BECOMES  
FROM TIME TO TIME THAT DEATH-KNELL OF CRIME....**THE CLOCK!**





BRING HIM IN HERE,  
MOIPH--WE'LL GET HIM TO  
SIGN A CONFESSION--

AND A HALF HOUR LATER, THE  
KILLER HAS MADE A CLEAN  
BREAST OF HIS CRIMES---

BOY, MOIPH,  
WE'LL GET A  
PERMOTION  
FOR THIS!

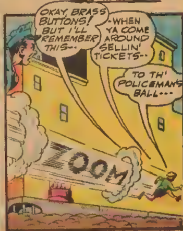
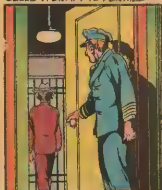
AT LEAST  
LEVY, AT  
LEAST!

LET'S BOTH OF US  
TOGETHER PUT THIS  
MURDERER IN TH' CLINK--  
SEEN' AS HOW WE-ER-  
CAUGHT HIM TOGETHER--

AS THEY OPEN THE DOOR  
LEADING TO THE DETENTION  
CELLS A DRAFT IS FORMED--

BLOWING THE CONFESSION  
OUT OF THE WINDOW---

AND AS FATE WOULD HAVE  
IT INTO THE HANDS OF THE  
CLOCK'S AIDE, BUTCH--



AT  
THIS  
MOMENT,  
A  
MAN  
ENTERS  
THE  
STATION  
HOUSE  
IN  
GREAT  
HASTE...

MY NAME'S, LOGAN--  
I DEMAND THE RELEASE  
OF THAT MAN-I HAVE  
A WRIT OF HABEAS  
CORPUS--

WHISTLE THAT PATTERN  
ELSEWHERE, JOE--WE  
HAVE A  
SIGNED  
CONFESSION.  
NO LESS--

A--SIGNED--  
CONFESSION

YEAH-I'LL  
GET IT--

GULP!

OY! IT'S  
GONE!!

GONE! YOU MEAN YOU NEVER HAD ONE.  
IT MIGHT BE WISE FOR YOU TWO FLAT-  
FOOTS TO KEEP MUM ABOUT THIS! WITH  
YOUR HALLUCINATIONS  
ABOUT A CONFESSION,  
YOU'D BE THE  
LAUGHING-STOCK  
OF THE FORCE--  
LET'S GO,  
JOEY!

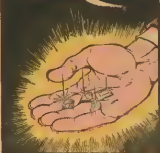
JOEY, YOU'RE  
A CHUMP!  
YOU NEVER  
COMMITTED  
A ROBBERY  
OR MURDER--

BUT LARRY--MY  
FINGERPRINTS  
AND THOSE NOTES  
I GET RIGHT AFTER  
A CRIME IS  
COMMITTED THOSE  
THINGS CAN'T BE  
DENIED!!

AND NOW DO YOU ACCOUNT  
FOR MY HAVING LARGE SUMS  
OF MONEY, THE MORNING  
FOLLOWING THESE  
ROBBERIES-- AND  
THESE ----



I FOUND THEM IN MY  
POCKET, THIS MORNING--  
PART OF THE GEMS STOLEN  
FROM THAT MURDERED  
JEWEL MERCHANT--



LARRY, I CAN'T  
EXPLAIN IT-- BUT  
I'M GUILTY!



MEANWHILE, BUTCH HAS GIVEN THE SIGNED  
CONFESSION TO THE CLOCK----

LET'S LOOK INTO THIS BUTCH--  
MAYBE WE CAN RECOVER  
MOST OF THE LOOT  
BEFORE IT'S  
DISPOSED OF!

OKAY--  
LET'S GO!



WHAT'S  
JOE MILES'  
ADDRESS, ITS  
ON THE  
CONFESSION!

YEAH, 450  
CATON ROAD.  
WE'RE COMIN'  
TO IT NOW--



THE PLACE IS EMPTY--  
GOOD! IT'LL GIVE US  
TIME TO LOOK  
AROUND--

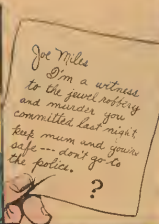
YEAH, I'LL  
LOOK UP  
STAIRS--



SO FAR I KNOW  
TWO MEN OCCUPY  
THESE ROOMS--



A  
few  
minutes  
later---  
inside  
the  
house---





CAN'T HAVE ANY GUN PLAY, BUTCH MIGHT GET HIT. AH! I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

000

SEE ANYONE, BOSS?

YES- SEE THAT RUG THAT GOES UNDER THE DOOR...

HE'S STANDING ON IT- A QUICK JERK, AND HE GOES...

I KNOCKED HIM OFF HIS GUARD AND IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO PUT THE PUNCH ON HIM...

YA MEAN IT KNOCKED HIM ON TH' BACK OF HIS LAP- PUCK HIM IN TH' PUSS!!

ER-AH...WHAT GOES ON HERE? OH! THE CLOCK!

BLOP

I KNEW THE LAW WOULD CATCH UP TO ME SOME TIME. I'LL GO QUIETLY... I'M GUILTY.

NO, MILES- YOU'RE NOT GUILTY. LOGAN IS... YOU SUFFER FROM PERIODIC SPELLS OF AMNESIA, DON'T YOU?

WHY, YES- HOW DO YOU KNOW AND HOW DOES THAT MAKE LARRY GUILTY?

SIMPLE, I SAW THE MEDICINE YOU TAKE AND IT'S A CURE FOR AMNESIA- LOGAN IS A CROOK OF LONG STANDING- WHEN YOU'D HAVE AN ATTACK, HE'D TAKE YOU OUT ON A JOB. YOU'D DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK THAT'S HOW YOUR FINGERPRINTS WERE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. THEN HE'D WRITE THOSE NOTES TO YOU AND PLANT PART OF THE LOOT ON YOU, AND YOU BEING A VICTIM OF AMNESIA WOULDN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU SNAPPED OUT OF IT...

I KNEW THE LAW WOULD CATCH UP TO ME SOME TIME. I'LL GO QUIETLY... I'M GUILTY.



# INKIE



AL STAHL

**AT THE ART STUDIO OF CRACK COMICS MAGAZINE...**

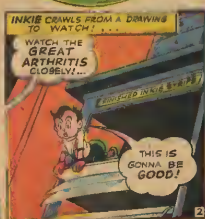
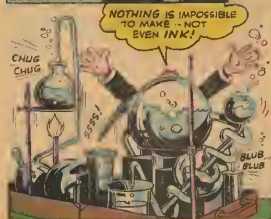
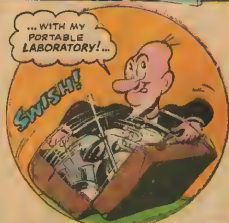


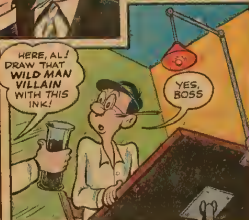
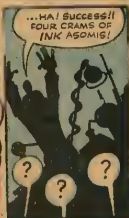
**NEWS**

**BLACK INK SHORTAGE THREATENS ARTISTS!**

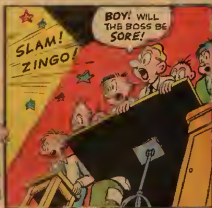
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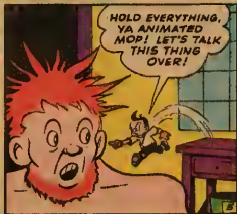
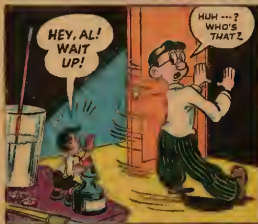
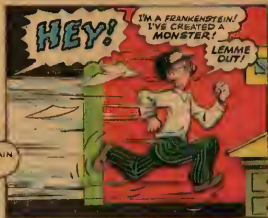
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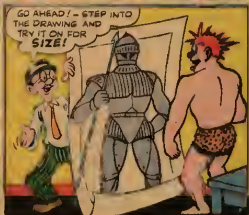
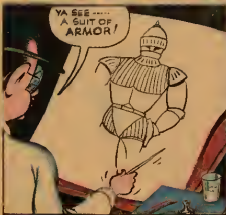
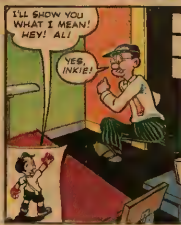


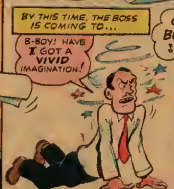
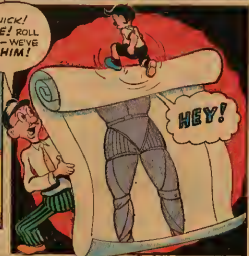
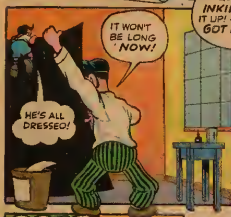
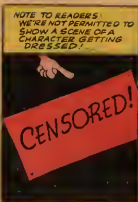
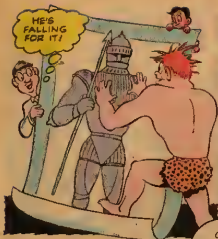




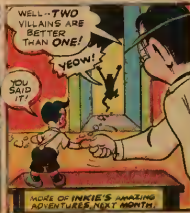
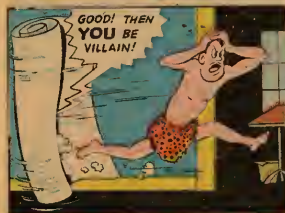


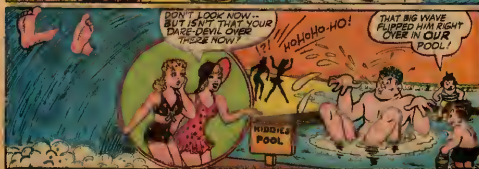
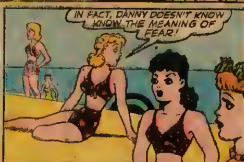
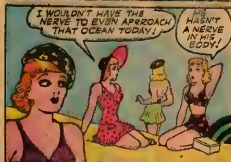












PHEN! AM I  
TIRED - AND  
NOW I  
GOTTA DO  
HOUSE-  
WORK!

# Molly the Model

YOU'VE BEEN WORKING  
TOO HARD, MOLLY--  
BUT I'M GONNA  
CHANGE ALL  
THAT!

I'M TURNING  
OVER A NEW  
LEAF!

AT THE CRACK  
OF DAWN, I'LL  
VISIT THE  
EMPLOYMENT  
BUREAU!

IT'S SET FOR SEVEN A.M.!  
STARTING TOMORROW  
I'M TAKING CARE OF  
YOU FOR A CHANGE!

ARE YOU SURE YOU  
FEEL ALL RIGHT? YOU  
WEREN'T OUT  
IN THE SUN  
TOO LONG?

GAME  
THE DAWN...

A NEW DAY DAWNS  
--AND A NEW  
LIFE FOR ME!

MY GOSH! HE  
REALLY MEANS  
IT!

EMPLOYMENT  
BUREAU

I'VE BEEN  
A SELFISH  
BRUTE NOT  
TO DO THIS

JOBS  
OPEN

LATER...


COME ON DOWN,  
MOLLY--YOUR  
TROUBLES ARE  
OVER!

MEET FIFI! WHILE  
YOU'RE AT WORK, SHE'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THE  
HOUSE AND (AHEM)  
--ME!

OH, SHE WILL  
WILL SHE?!

OWW!  
OUCH!  
MOLLY!  
STOP!  
CRASH!

WHAT A  
HOUSEHOLD!



YUH KNOW, HACK--  
I GOT A FEELING  
WE AREN'T  
ALONE!

FUNNY--  
I'VE GOT THE  
SAME FEELING!  
I WONDER---

**A** MAN IS MURDERED  
BEHIND LOCKED DOORS!  
WHERE DID THE KILLER  
ENTER? HOW DID HE  
ESCAPE?

AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION  
FOR ANY HUMAN BEING--  
AND YET THE ONLY CLUE  
POINTS TO HACK O'HARA!  
READ HOW HE ABSOLVES  
HIMSELF FROM GUILT AND  
CAPTURES THE KILLER!...

# HACK! O'HARA



HACK O'HARA PULLS  
TO A STOP OUTSIDE  
A CIRCUS ...

NO KIDDIN'  
MISTER-- DO  
YOU REALLY  
MANAGE THIS  
CIRCUS?

I SAID I  
DID--  
DIDN'T  
I?



GEE! I'D LIKE TO SEE A  
CIRCUS AGAIN! YOU  
COULDN'T GIVE A  
FELLOW A PASS,  
EH, MISTER?

HUH?



BEAT IT, CHUMP!  
THERE'S NO FREE  
TICKETS AROUND HERE!



ONE TOUGH GUY CAN'T  
HURT MY FEELINGS!  
-- I HAVEN'T SEEN A  
CIRCUS SINCE I WAS  
A KID!



WHAT'S THE MATTER  
PAL? HAVEN'T YOU  
THE DOUGH ??



WELL?



NAW!



YOUR EDUCATION'S BEEN  
NEGLECTED, SONNY!  
**C'MON !!**

GEE! THIS IS  
SWELL! I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
A CIRCUS--  
INSIDE!

ANIMALS



HACK! WOW!  
LOOK AT THAT  
GUY EAT FIRE!



HEY SOUNDS  
LIKE A GOOD  
FIGHT!

I'LL  
TEACH YOU  
NOT TO  
TALK BACK  
BACK--YUH  
LITTLE  
RUNT!



YOU'LL TAKE WHAT YOU  
GET AND LIKE IT! YOU  
WHIMPERING MONKEY!

I WANT  
WHAT'S COMING  
TO ME! GIVE ME  
THE REST OF MY  
MONEY OR  
I'LL ----







YOU CAN'T CHEAT ME! UNGA AND I- WE'LL GET EVEN... WE'LL GET EVEN!



BOY!-I'D HATE TO BE IN THE CAGE WITH THAT GUY!

HE'D PROBABLY TEAR ANYBODY ELSE TO PIECES!

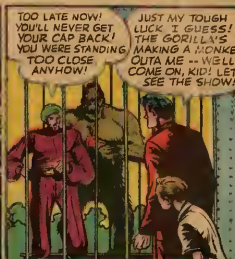


HACK TURNS TO GO...

HEY! MY CAP! GIVE IT BACK HERE!



TOO LATE NOW! YOU'LL NEVER GET YOUR CAP BACK! YOU WERE STANDING TOO CLOSE ANYHOW!



JUST MY TOUGH LUCK I GUESS! THE GORILLA'S MAKING A MONKEY OUTA ME -- WE'LL COME ON, KID! LET'S SEE THE SHOW!

LATER...

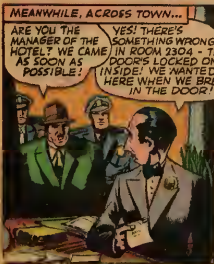
GEE! THAT WAS GREAT, MR. O'HARA! HEY! LOOK! THE MENAGERIE TENTS GONE!

SURE -- THEY ALWAYS BREAK IT UP DURING THE SHOW!



MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...

ARE YOU THE MANAGER OF THE HOTEL? WE CAME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



YES! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN ROOM 2304 - THE DOOR'S LOCKED ON THE INSIDE! WE WANTED YOU HERE WHEN WE BREAK IN THE DOOR!

WE HEARD A SCREAM FROM THIS ROOM-AND THERE HASN'T BEEN A SOUND SINCE!



WELL, WE'LL SEE! BREAK IT DOWN!

RIGHT!

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

NECK'S BROKEN!

HMMM.. THAT'S ODD!





JUST A SIMPLE CASE OF MURDER! NOTHIN' ODD ABOUT THAT!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE -- THIS IS THE 23RD FLOOR --- HOW COULD ANYONE COME THROUGH THE WINDOW?

HMMM! YOU'RE SURE RIGHT THERE! NOTHING BUT THIS THIN POLE! -- NO MAN COULD CLIMB THAT!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? THE LABEL SAYS "HACK O'HARA" -- THERE'S A CLUE!

AN AMATEUR TO LEAVE HIS HAT BEHIND! -- UNLESS HE LEFT IN A HURRY!

D'HARA! IT CAN'T BE!



AND BACK AT THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...

THANKS A LOT FOR THE SWELL CIRCUS!

THAT'S OKAY! SEE YOU LATER! HELLO, MIKE-- WHAT'S UP?

COME ALONG WITH US, HACK!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, O'HARA! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN A REAL JAM!

JAM? SAY... ARE YOU KIDDING!



NO HACK-- YOU'RE BEING HELD FOR MURDER!

MURDER?!

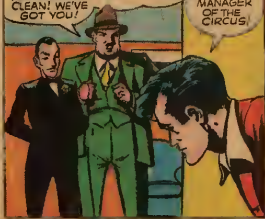


O'HARA, YOU'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT COVERIN' UP YOUR TRACKS! YOU LEFT YOUR HAT WHEN YOU MURDERED THIS GUY-- COME CLEAN! WE'VE GOT YOU!

SUFFERIN CATS!-- THE MANAGER OF THE CIRCUS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT! IT'D TAKE A MONKEY TO CLIMB THAT POLE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW ---

MONKEY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! -- I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE -- AN I'VE GOTTA WORK FAST!





I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT! THE CLUE TO THIS WHOLE MESS LIES BACK IN THAT GORILLA CAGE...



SORRY, FELLOW! I HATE TO DO THIS! --I'M REALLY A TENDER GUY AT HEART!

C'MON OUTSIDE! I NEED THIS ELEVATOR!



THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE! WE MUST GET TO THE CIRCUS BEFORE IT PULLS OUT OF TOWN! JAKE -- TAKE ME TO THE CIRCUS GROUNDS AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, WILL YOU?

ANYTHING YOU SAY, HACK!



HEY! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! -- HE'S GUILTY, ALL RIGHT!

THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE!

IF I DON'T FIND THAT GORILLA MAN, I'M SUNK!



LISTEN, WISE GUY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE "FRAME"?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- "FRAME"?

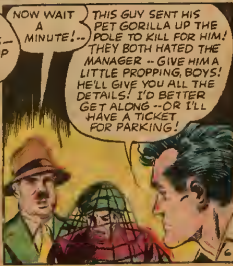
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! -- THIS IS THE LAST PLACE I SAW MY CAP! -- HOW'D IT GET IN A ROOM WITH A MURDERED MAN?

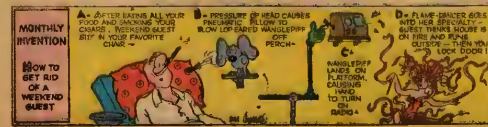
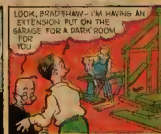


I'VE GOT YOU-- AND I'VE GOT PROOF! I HAD A KID WITH ME! HE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED!

NOTHING HAPPENED THAT UNGA CAN'T TAKE CARE OF! OUT, UNGA!







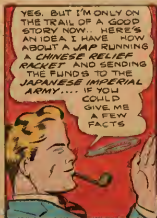


# PEN MILLER

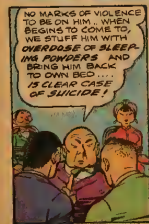
By Klings

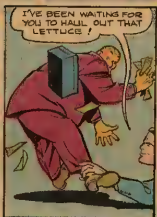
## CARTOONIST DETECTIVE











# THE MARCH OF THE WALKING DEAD

THEY simply vanished. They were there, and then like a flash they were gone. That column of marching zombies—if zombies they were—had disappeared into the misty twilight. Soundlessly They had drifted from the caves, circled the stone altar and, with their white-robed leader ahead of them, vanished.

Eric Vale stood aghast, thinking "Am I going nuts? Is this some kind of a crazy dream?"

But then the whole thing seemed like a dream. There had been the wild story that the old Negro servant had told in Port-au-Prince. Eric wasn't one to fall for moon-racking, but this had seemed so on the level. This tale of voodoo had smacked of truth. And yet Eric felt there couldn't be any truth in such a story. . . .

He had set out, nevertheless, for the dark chain of mountains that rose thirty miles beyond the city limits of Port-au-Prince. By mule back. A long hard trek. He had wandered for three days when once he had reached the mountains, not finding the valley where legend said, the strange race of walking dead existed. Often while on that trip he had stopped and caught himself wondering why he was such a fool to be taken in.

And then he found the valley, suddenly, in the sunset glow. And he had ridden down into it and found the caves and their mummy-like occupants. They were all dead. Or asleep. But if asleep, they looked like ancient parchment figures wrapped in grayish cloth. The cloth of their robes, he remembered, was not old. That's what had given him the start. If the cloth was not old, then it was conceivable that the mummies were not old either. . . .

And then the great bird had circled the stone altar, and suddenly dived down and perched

on it. It was a monstrous condor, Eric reasoned, the largest bird he had ever seen. It had taken off after a while. Then the mummies had come awake and filed out of their caves, to form in a long line behind their leader. And noiselessly they had marched off into the mist and vanished.

Where the dickens had they gone? What had really happened here in this mist-laden valley of mystery?

Eric stood undecided. He had left his mule tied a half mile off. He debated whether to go back after the mule or set off after the zombies on foot. He chose to walk. The way was rough and it was getting dark. There was no trail. The zombies seemed to leave no foot marks. Did they float then? Like wraiths?

A heavy mist was creeping down over the valley like a shroud, and the night was cold. Eric strode along, trying to decide what he'd do when, and if, he came upon the zombies. Would they turn on him? He smiled to himself: did the dead ever turn on one?

He had walked two miles at least, and the valley was dipping lower into the mountains. It was dark now, and the mists had become a thick fog which swirled down blotting out everything. He couldn't see two feet before him. He wondered if there might be a drop-off somewhere ahead?

Then he saw the glow. It was a soft greenish glow, like that given off by a vapor lamp. It was straight ahead. He hurried. Then he came to the mouth of a cave. The glow permeated the cave entrance, but he couldn't see its source. It was a weird light.

He walked through the cave and suddenly he was in a huge cavern, its ceiling so high that the greenish light didn't reach

to it. The light came from a strange bonfire in the middle of the cave. It seemed to be built upon a stone altar, such as he had seen before the mouths of the other caves. It was a lambent glow, like no real fire. It didn't waver, it was held in a small globular substance suspended over the altar by chains. What it was he had no idea.

But the cavern held other things: fully a hundred of those terrifying zombies stood in a circle around the altar, all looking as if they saw nothing, but with their dead eyes wide open. The old white-robed figure stood near the altar, making incantations with his bony hand toward the green glow.

Eric stood rooted to the spot, in the half-shadows. He doubted if they could see anything. They were dead, and yet they were alive.

Holy Smoke! he thought. What is this? Am I actually seeing something beyond the pale of modern science? Am I witnessing some infernal rite of the Haitian witch doctors?

The old man was speaking in a reedy, thin voice, but Eric couldn't make out the words. Probably spoken in the native dialect anyway.

The priest—if he could be called that—was waving his hands to and fro, and then suddenly, almost imperceptibly, the mob of mummies began waving from side to side, keeping time to the old man's hands. The voice rose higher. It was like some terrible song of the dead now. Wordless. Formless. Without reason. Or substance.

Several steps led upward toward the top of the altar. At intervals the old man would move up a step, and the mummies would stop their waving until he had planted his feet firmly on the step. Then it

would commence again. At last he was at the top. He reached toward the greenish globe and now his voice rose to a high crescendo.

This was some point in the ritual. Eric thought, that would produce a break. It did.

From the far end of the cavern there came a procession. It was led by a tall, cadaverous Negro in a white robe. Directly behind him came several more, without robes. Their faces were painted hideously. They carried something between them. And then Eric saw what it was, a coffin! At least a rough replica of a coffin. Its lid was closed. The mummies opened up for them and the five Negroes came toward the altar. They set the casket down on a lower step and prostrated themselves. They murmured a weird chant.

The old priest came down and held his hands over the coffin. Then he reached down and lifted the lid. Inside there was a body. Eric could see. He began his incantations and hand-passing.

Then an amazing thing happened: the body in the coffin sat up. It was a young Negro girl, with long hair, unlike the natives' hair, which is mostly kinky. She sat up with her eyes closed, not moving a muscle.

The old priest picked the greenish globe from its hanger and held it in front of her eyes, muttering as he did so. Her eyelids flickered open and she lifted a hand to her forehead. She moved her lips, but no sound came. Then she held out both hands, caressing the globe of cold fire. The old man backed away from the coffin, still holding the globe. The girl followed, crawling carefully from the sarcophagus, her eyes never wavering from those of the priest.

When she had climbed clear of the coffin, the priest halted. The girl stood, waving from side to side, like the mummies. The priest dipped a hand into his robe and threw something on the altar. Instantly a bright red glow flamed up. This time

it was real fire. It stained the cavern in a blood-red glow, and the green globe, still held in the priest's hands, seemed to die out.

The red flames rose higher, until it seemed they licked against the ceiling of the cavern. Eric thought of Rubens' painting of the Miltonic chute down which lost souls slid to doom. Or Dante's *Inferno*. Only this was worse. They were paintings; this was real. Or was it?

The Negroes who had carried the casket to the altar produced small skin drums. These they began thrumming softly, so softly at first that Eric wasn't sure he had heard them. But the rhythms grew faster, louder. The flames seemed to leap with each soft drumbeat. The ring of mummies, including the girl, who had taken her place within the circle, stood utterly still.

Then Eric saw them, crawling out of the depths of the flames: a half dozen ugly snakes. Their wicked flat heads waved back and forth, keeping time to the drum-beats, which were gaining in tempo. They looked like the poisonous *fer-de-lance* of the island, but Eric couldn't be certain. Their red tongues darted in and out like miniature lightning. They gleamed with a reddish glow in the firelight.

The priest stood in his tracks, watching with fascinated gaze the reptiles crawling out of the altar middle. They slithered down the steps and coiled up near the ring of the several drum-beating Negroes. Their heads moved back and forth rhythmically.

The red flames suddenly died out. The priest lifted the palely gleaming globe from its bracket and set it near the snakes. They coiled around it, almost smothering out its glow.

The drums beat on, and the air seemed to pulsate with the vibrations. Eric felt himself falling into a strange trance. An uncanny warmth folded about him and he remembered once that he'd almost drowned. This sensation was the same. He remembered that he wanted to go

to sleep and just let the water pour into his lungs. It was a warming, pleasing sensation. This was the same.

He wanted to snuggle close to the green globe, with the reptiles. He felt his head vibrating with the throb of the drums, which were now going like mad.

The circle of mummies were waving back and forth again. The Negroes crouched on their haunches and beat the drums. The old priest stood on the lower step of the dais and a greenish light seemed to create an aura about him. It was mystical, awful, impossible.

Then abruptly Eric couldn't stifle a sneeze. The sound ripped through the cavern like a pistol shot. The mummies stopped their waving. The drum-beats ceased. The priest lifted his arms upward, and then the green globe burst with a dull report. From it swarmed a veritable cloud of green things. They flew in every direction. One of them came toward Eric. He backed away.

The mummies and the priest were filing toward the back of the cavern. Eric reasoned that he must follow them. He fumbled for his flashlight, for it was now pitch dark in the cave. He snapped on its beam. A dozen little red eyes were caught in the bright glare. The reptiles! They were spreading out, forming a barrier across the cavern.

No. Eric could not follow. The mummies were now all gone, somewhere, soundlessly. The Negroes were gone with them. The snakes were coming toward Eric. He dashed out of the cavern feeling an icy fear up his spine.

One of the green-lighted things had settled on his coat lapel. He snatched it off, finding that it was merely one of the large fireflies of the island.

He hastened toward where his mule was tied, wondering if he had dreamed. Certainly he had not solved the mystery of the walking dead people. Maybe someday—

# The BLACK CONDOR

IN WASHINGTON...

A RUSTLE OF WINGS IN THE  
NIGHT -- THE HISS OF A BLACK  
SHAPE PLUMMETING DOWN -- A  
SINGLE CRY TORN FROM A  
FEAR-FROZEN THROAT!  
THEN UTTER SILENCE  
AS, ONCE MORE,  
**DEATH  
STRUCK!**

**WHO** WAS THE  
KILLER? HAD AMERICA'S  
PIERCE EMBLEM OF  
FREEDOM GONE MURDER-  
MAD?


... TO LEARN THE GHASTLY  
TRUTH, SCHOLARLY SENATOR  
**TOM WRIGHT** ONCE MORE  
BECAME THAT MYSTERIOUS  
FIGURE OF FIGHTING JUSTICE...  
**The BLACK CONDOR!**

NOT FAR FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, DAN BIRD,  
SENATOR FROM THE FAR WEST, GREETED SOME  
REPORTERS WITH HIS SECRETARY AND HIS PET...

HOWDY, BOYS! COME  
RIGHT IN! MEET MY  
SECRETARY, DIRK,  
AND MY PET  
EAGLE,  
"FURY!"

HELLO, SENATOR  
BIRD! WHAT'S THE  
LOW-DOWN ON THIS  
NEW BILL YOU  
INTRODUCED  
IN THE SENATE  
TODAY?

John Beal




SIMPLE, BOYS! I WANT  
THE GOVERNMENT TO BUY  
EAGLE MOUNTAIN AND  
CREATE A PARK AND GAME  
REFUGE FOR EAGLES!  
THEY NEED  
PROTECTION!

THAT  
BIRD DOESN'T  
LOOK AS IF HE  
N' SPED A  
GUARDIAN!

"BIRD'S AS GENTLE  
AS A DOVE! -- SERIOUSLY,  
OUR NATIONAL BIRD IS  
GETTING SCARCE! AS  
PATRIOTS, WE SHOULD  
PRESERVE THE  
EAGLE!"

I HEAR A SENATE  
COMMITTEE'S  
STUDYING YOUR  
MEASURE  
NOW!




AT THAT MOMENT, SENATOR  
TOM WRIGHT IS ADDRESSING  
THE COMMITTEE ON THAT  
VERY BILL! ...

HOWEVER, DUE  
TO MORE VITAL  
WAR-TIME  
NEEDS, WE  
SHOULD  
POSTPONE  
THIS MEASURE  
UNTIL AFTER  
ALLIED  
VICTORY!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
AMERICA'S  
WAR-EFFORT  
DEMANDS  
THE MONEY  
AND MAN-  
POWER!



WE ALL  
AGREE THAT  
SENATOR  
BIRD'S IDEA  
IS A PATRIOTIC  
AND HUMAN  
PROJECT...



TOM WRIGHT PAYS  
A VISIT TO HIS  
FIANCEE, WENDY  
FOSTER, AND HER FATHER,  
SENATE PHYSICIAN...

SO BIRD DIDN'T  
LIKE THE WAY  
YOUR COMMITTEE  
GAVE HIS PROJECT  
THE BRUSH-OFF!

OH, YOU  
KNOW THOSE  
HOT-HEADED  
WESTERNERS!  
HELL COOL  
OFF!

AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER  
MEMBER OF THE SENATE  
COMMITTEE IS TAKING AN  
EVENING STROLL ...



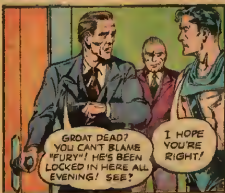
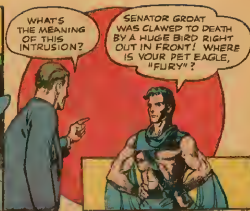
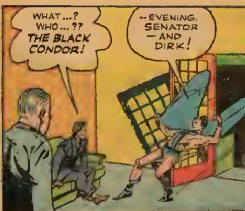
HA! SENATOR  
BIRD! HE'LL BE  
PERFECT FOR  
THE FIRST  
VICTIM!

REPORTER  
FOR THE  
COMMITTEE TABLE  
BIRD BILL FOR THE  
DURATION!  
Senator George's Coy  
Says Fight Has Begun!









EEEEEEK!  
--A  
FLYING  
MAN!

SORRY, MISS!  
BUT HUMAN  
LIVES MAY DEPEND  
ON THIS COMPACT  
TONIGHT!

**MEANTIME...**

SO, MY SCHEME IS  
WORKING! BUT THE  
BLACK CONDOR MIGHT  
MESS IT UP! I'LL HAVE  
TO STRIKE AGAIN --  
AND STRIKE FAST!

THERE'S THE BLACK  
CONDOR NOW, SNOOPING  
AROUND IN THE PARK!  
I COULDN'T ASK FOR  
A BETTER  
OPPORTUNITY!

STRIKE  
MY BEAUTY!  
DRIVE THE POISON  
DEEP INTO HIS  
SNOOPING  
FACE!

WHRRR

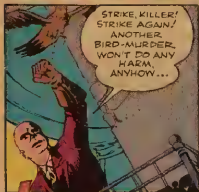
NO CLUES  
AROUND HERE  
BUT --  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

WHIRRR

THAT'S RIGHT!  
STRIKE FOR HIS  
FACE THE WAY  
YOU'VE BEEN  
TRAINED!

I'VE DONE IT! I'VE KILLED  
THE BLACK CONDOR AND  
ASSURED THE COMPLETE  
SUCCESS OF  
MY SCHEME!

**THE END!**



THE BLACK CONDOR  
WASN'T DEAD. HE'S  
GOT MY FALCON!  
HE'LL GUESS  
EVERYTHING.  
... YOU?

DIRK!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING,  
MAN?  
?

YOU FOOL! I  
WAS FRAMING  
THOSE BIRD-  
KILLINGS ON YOU!  
NOW THE BLACK  
CONDOR'S AFTER  
ME! STAND ASIDE  
OR I'LL -

YOU -- YOU  
KILLED  
SENATOR  
GROAT?

LET ME OUT YOU  
IDIOT! - OR I'LL  
KILL YOU TOO!

YOU DIRTY MURDERER  
GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!  
BUT I'M NOT LETTING  
YOU ESCAPE PAYMENT  
FOR YOUR CRIMES

THEN  
I'LL  
K...

YOU'RE THROUGH  
KILLING, DIRK --  
AS OF THIS  
MOMENT!

MURDER IS BAD ENOUGH --  
BUT MAKING AN INNOCENT  
BIRD YOUR  
INSTRUMENT...

WHAT'S  
THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

YOUR SECRETARY HAD A HUNTING  
FALCON TRAINED TO STRIKE AT  
THE OUTLINE OF AN UPTURNED  
FACE! THE CLAWS ARE DIPPED  
IN POISON...

THE RAT!  
BUT WHY?

...TO PUT THE BLAME  
ON YOU AND YOUR PET  
EAGLE, "FURY"! TELL  
THE REST OF IT,  
DIRK!

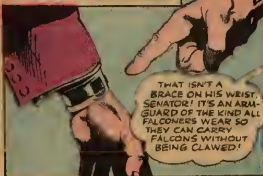
I'LL TELL! IT WAS  
THAT EAGLE MOUNTAIN!  
-IT'S RICH IN MANGANESE  
ORE--WORTH A  
FORTUNE---

-- I COULDN'T GET IT AS  
LONG AS THE OWNERS THOUGHT  
THE GOVERNMENT MIGHT BUY  
LATER! I HAD TO DISCREDIT  
BIRD AND HIS BILL!...

IF THE PUBLIC  
THOUGHT THE EAGLE  
WAS A KILLER, THE  
WHOLE IDEA OF A GAME  
PRESERVE FOR EAGLES  
WOULD BE OFF,  
EH?

BUT YOU--  
WHY DIDN'T  
YOU DIE?  
MY KILLER  
STRUCK YOU  
IN THE FACE!

NOT MY  
FACE, DIRK!  
I PAINTED  
ONE ON THE  
INSIDE OF MY  
CLOAK WITH  
FACE POWDER  
AND LIPSTICK!  
I SUSPECTED YOU  
AND YOUR GAME!



THAT ISN'T A  
BRACE ON HIS WRIST,  
SENATOR! IT'S AN ARM-  
GUARD OF THE KIND ALL  
FALCONERS WEAR SO  
THEY CAN CARRY  
FALCONS WITHOUT  
BEING CLAWED!

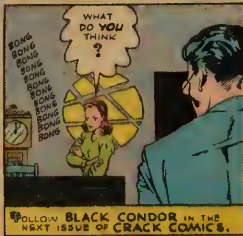
I'VE CALLED THE  
POLICE, SENATOR!  
YOU CAN TELL THEM  
THE STORY AND  
HAND OVER THE  
KILLER! I'VE  
ANOTHER JOB  
TO DO ...

BLACK CONDOR,  
HOW CAN I EVER  
THANK YOU?



I'M SORRY  
ABOUT OUR DATE,  
WENDY! I GOT BACK  
AS SOON AS I COULD!  
IS IT TOO LATE TO  
SEE THE SHOW?

LATER  
HAMMMMPH!



WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK  
?

BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG

FOLLOW BLACK CONDOR IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS.

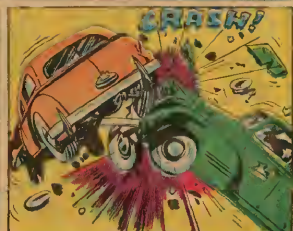
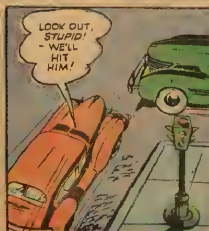
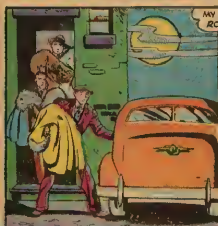


# ALIAS THE SPIDER

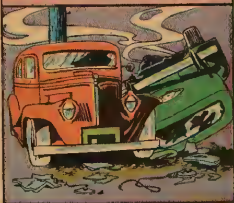
*by*  
JOSEPH JOHN  
CAVALLO



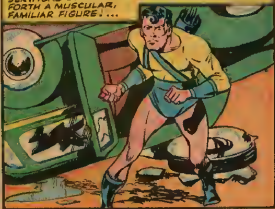




AND THEN -- EXCEPT FOR THE TINKLE  
OF FALLING GLASS -- SILENCE!



FROM THE MRECKED CARS, MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE, THE  
SURVIVORS STRUGGLE! ... FROM THE CAB, STEPS  
FORTH A MUSCULAR,  
FAMILIAR FIGURE! ...



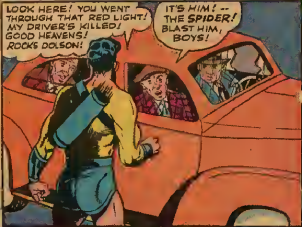
**ALIAS THE SPIDER!**

POOR CHAP--  
KILLED INSTANTLY!  
I THINK I'LL HAVE  
WORDS WITH THE  
DRIVER OF THAT  
CAR -- PLENTY  
STRONG WORDS!



LOOK HERE! YOU WENT  
THROUGH THAT RED LIGHT!  
MY DRIVER'S KILLED!  
GOOD HEAVENS!  
ROCKS DOLSON!

IT'S HIM! --  
THE SPIDER!  
BLAST HIM,  
BOYS!



SO THAT'S IT! THEY  
MUST'VE BEEN MAKING  
A GET-AWAY FROM SOME  
JOB! WELL HERE'S  
WHERE THEY  
STOP!



BUT, AS THE SPIDER DRAWS  
HIS HEAVY BOW ...



DARK! -- IT'S  
GETTING DARK!  
EVERYTHING'S  
SPINNING!  
-- I'M WEAK!  
GASP!  
AHHH....



BATER...IN  
THE CHEAP  
CAFE WHERE  
THEY MAKE  
THEIR  
HANG-OUT,  
ROCKS DOLSON  
AND HIS GANG  
TRY TO  
DROWN THE  
SORROWFUL  
MEMORY  
OF THEIR  
"HEIST-THAT-  
ALMOST-WAS,"  
AS ROCKS  
PUTS IT!...

YEAH, BOYS! I TOLD  
YA WE WASN'T OUTTA THE  
'WOODES! SUMP'N ALWAYS  
SEEMS TO HAPPEN!

HIYA ROCKS! PLEASD TO MEETCHA!

GO AWAY YDU! ...  
YEAH, FELLAS IT ALMOST  
WAG A SWELL "HEIST!"  
BUT I GUESS  
WE'RE LUCKY  
TO GET  
AWAY  
FROM THE  
SPIDER  
EH?

YA AIN'T  
KIDDIN'  
BOSS?

HIYA, ROCKS!  
PLEASD TO  
MEETCHA,  
I SAID...

SCRAM, PUNK! ...  
WHAT BURNS ME  
UP, FELLAS, IS THE  
WAY IT HAPPENS!  
SEE, IT WAS  
PURE CO...  
CO...IN.....

COINCERDENCE,  
BOSS! DAT'S  
HOW YOU  
SAY IT!

HIYA, HIYA --  
HIYA, ROCKS!  
SHAKE!

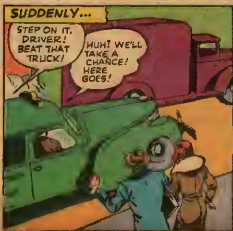
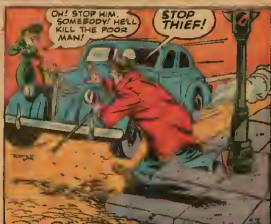
WHAT'S THIS PIPSQUEAK  
PUNK GIVIN' ME? --  
--THE NEEDLE?  
I'LL BRAIN  
HIM!

HA-HA!  
DAT'S FUNNY!  
DAT'S RICH!

TAKE 'IM AWAY  
BEFORE I  
MOLDER  
'IM!

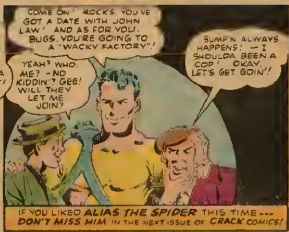
AW, I WANNA BE  
A MOBSTER, ROCKS!  
I WANNA PULL  
BIG JOBS!  
OBOY! OBOY!

G'WAN! SCRAM! WHY  
DONTCHA GRAB PENNIES  
FROM BLIND MEN'S  
CUPS? HEH-HEH!









# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT



### WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ *Tinea Trichophyton* within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

### ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

### H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Reed, sign and mail the coupon today.



## PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

### Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

**GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.**  
845 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Q.C.C.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

# Captain **TOOTSIE** BATTLES **MONSTER MAN!**

**DAILY PAPER**  
**MONSTER MAN TERRIFIES TOWN**  
CAPT. TOOTSIE AND SECRET LEGION SEARCH FOR ESCAPED GIANT

THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST **TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!**

YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTs! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!

CAPT. TOOTSIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION FORM A SEARCHING PARTY.

HEY!

NO! ME BUST BANK! GET RICH!

CRASH!

HOLD HIM, ROLLO!

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE TO THE RESCUE!

ME SMASH LITTLE MAN!

WHEN! WHEN! MISSED ME!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO ROB BANKS!

BAM!

HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTs! YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY, CAPT. TOOTSIE!

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY TOO, ROLLO, IF YOU KEEP EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS!

**WHAT FUN!**  
GET THIS GENUINE **FOX TAIL**  
for only **10¢**  
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

FOR YOUR BIKE!  
To Hang in Your Room!  
For Playing Realistic Solitaire!

NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!  
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine Fox Tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! Have your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike--hang it in your room--use it for playing Solitaire or as a gift! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

**TOOTSIE ROLLS**  
Department 61, Mahan, New Jersey

Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by first mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City & State: \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY